

SHOT BY BROTHER POLICEMAN

DETECTIVE CAMERON KILLED
IN RIOT AT A PICNIC.

He Had Been Driven to Bay by a Mob and Had Crawled Under the Dancing Pavilion. Where He Shot by Mistake at a Policeman—Return Bullet Killed Him.

Crouching in the dark under a dancing pavilion fighting off a mob that had turned on him when he tried to break up a bloody fight, Charles Cameron, a plain clothes man attached to the Astoria, I. I., police station, was shot through the heart by Detective John J. Gerity, a friend and comrade from the same station, at Seurer's Park, Corona, I. I., about half past six o'clock last night.

The John J. Corbin Association, made up of young men from the East Side, with headquarters at Twenty-fourth street and first avenue, gave an outing at Seurer's Park yesterday afternoon. Perhaps a thousand attended. There was dancing and field sports, and plenty to eat and drink, too much of the latter, the police say.

At any rate, when it came time to think about paying off the musicians, there were a number of young men in the dancing pavilion whose faces were red from drink and who were inclined to be quarrelsome.

An argument arose as to how much the string band ought to have.

From a hot discussion it grew until men in the pavilion were rolling over the floor in rough and tumble fights.

And ran out into the picnic grounds crying that men were murdering each other in the stand.

Detective Cameron, looking for pickpockets in the grounds, heard the shouts in the pavilion and started for the building on the run. A dozen yards from the stand a revolver cracked, then another and another. He looked around for help, but there was no other policeman in the park, and every man at the picnic had crowded into the pavilion and was a part of a swaying, howling mob.

Cameron ran up the steps of the dancing pavilion and shouldered his way through the rioters. Men were writhing on the floor clutching at each other's throats. Half a dozen were brandishing revolvers, and as Cameron forced his way in a bullet passed close to his head.

The detective was a big man, muscular and broad shouldered, and had the reputation of fearing nothing. He was big and he knocked the fighters apart and he had fought his way right to the center of the struggling mass of men when they turned on him, as it seemed, in concert.

Then, one man against two hundred, with beer glasses, canes, clubs and even pistol shots following him, he had to run for his life.

"Kill him! Don't let him get out of here alive!" was shouted as Cameron ran down the steps of the dancing pavilion into the open. Two young fellows heading the mob were in his heels. Both, the police say, were firing at Cameron.

The detective, who had refrained from shooting in the pavilion, stood his ground for a minute or two outside and fired back at the two men. These he hit. They were William Gerity of 244 East Twenty-eighth street, through whose left shoulder Cameron put a bullet, and Alfonso Doran of 418 First avenue, whom Cameron shot twice, once in the left arm and once in the leg.

Both fell. The mob, already frenzied, became almost insane when they saw Gerity and Doran bleeding on the ground. Then others began to shoot, but in their rage they were bad marksmen, and the bullets whistled harmlessly past Cameron's ears.

But no one man could hold back an armed mob and Cameron knew that if he attempted to hold his ground he would be killed. The only possible refuge was the space under the dancing pavilion, just large enough to crawl into, dark enough to hide him from accurate fire by the mob.

He crawled in under the stand as far back as he could get, while the angry men shot at him, hurled beer bottles and stones and tried to reach him. Then somebody shouted that the police were coming. An alarm had been sent to the Astoria police station and Patrolmen Burke and Keller of the reserves were sent on the run to the park.

When the two patrolmen passed the Woodside car barns, not far from the Park, they found Detective Gerity in plain clothes on duty there. He went with Burke and Keller to the scene of the trouble.

When the three reached the dancing pavilion they were told that a man who had tried to kill several people had crawled under the stand to escape the vengeance of friends of the men he had shot. Detective Gerity did not wait for further information, but got on his hands and knees and started to crawl under the pavilion.

Keller followed him.

Gerity ordered the crouching figure under the stand to surrender, but no answer came. Again he demanded that the man come out. This time a bullet was the answer. Detective Gerity fired and another bullet went to his heart. He died instantly and followed it with two more bullets in the direction of the red flash.

Then Gerity and Keller heard a groan.

They waited a few seconds, but no more sounds came from the gloom. Then somebody brought a lantern and the two policemen crawled under.

He was dead. Gerity's bullet had passed through his heart. Then Gerity took one look at the dead face and cried: "My God! It is Charles Cameron!"

The mob outside heard the detective's cry and their rage passed away. Some of the very men who had been the most anxious to take Cameron's life were the first to help carry his body to the dancing pavilion and to befall with Gerity the frightful mistake that had been made. They did not know, they said, that it was a policeman who had tried to keep them from fighting.

Gerity, almost insane from grief, for Cameron had been one of his best friends, was taken to the Astoria station and locked up on a charge of homicide. He was killed on a charge of homicide. He was killed on a charge of homicide.

Gerity lives at 34 Walling street, Long Island City.

There at 582 Hunter's Point avenue, Long Island City, the news had to be broken as gently as possible to a woman and four children, Cameron's widow and his two little boys aged four and five.

The detective was the force Feb. 18, 1888. Few men in the department had a finer record for bravery and devotion to duty.

Gerity lives at 34 Walling street, Long Island City.

PRESIDENT'S SON A TEACHER

Ten Little Oyster Bay Boys in His Sunday School Class.

OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 17.—President Roosevelt had on his feet to-day Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University. Dr. Butler's visit was purely social. In the morning Mr. Roosevelt attended Christ Episcopal Church as usual with his family. The President will have a good many political and official visitors this week.

The most interesting Sunday school class in Christ Episcopal Church here to-day to most people was one composed of ten little Oyster Bay boys, taught by the President's eldest son, Theodore. He took charge of the class only a short time ago. He was away from here last Sunday, and when he drove up to the church to-day with Miss Christine Roosevelt, a cousin, who also teaches a class at the Sunday school, several of the lads in his class were waiting outside for him.

The boys in his class are all about 8 or 9 years of age and they are all rugged and athletic. The lesson to-day was about the men who make their living in Oyster Bay. Two are the sons of caretakers of the homes of summer residents out near the President's place. One is the son of a clerk in a grocery. The fathers of two of them are Oyster Bay storekeepers, and two are the sons of men who work on Long Island railroad trains.

The class occupied to-day a corner in the chapel of the church. The boys were seated in a circle with the teacher in the center. It has been his practice in the short time that he has had charge of the class to give the boys a talk each Sunday on some one of the noted Biblical characters. This is entirely aside from the regular lesson.

The Sunday before he left home he told the boys of David and the story of his battle with Goliath.

To-day he talked to them about David and Saul. The lesson to-day was about the men who make their living in Oyster Bay. Two are the sons of caretakers of the homes of summer residents out near the President's place. One is the son of a clerk in a grocery. The fathers of two of them are Oyster Bay storekeepers, and two are the sons of men who work on Long Island railroad trains.

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SONG TO HEAD OFF FIRE PANIC

"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN" HOLDS A TERRACE GARDEN CROWD.

Orchestra Started Them Singing While Two Volunteers Were Fighting a Blaze in Some Property Palms—Second Fire Last Night Scared Dinners.

Terrace Garden had its own troubles with fire on Saturday night and yesterday. There were two little fires, neither of which did much damage. For the first of Saturday night the firemen were not called out.

It came about midnight when the garden was packed to its full capacity. The orchestra was hard at work and the crowd was eating and drinking and talking.

There's a gallery, called by courtesy a terrace, running all around the garden. This terrace, just wide enough for one row of tables, was also crowded. It is overgrown with vines and palms, but the floor is of wood. To the left of the music stand it opened into a ballroom.

Close up against this terrace and near the orchestra sat S. G. Geller, an attorney, and B. F. Feldman, a civil engineer.

The orchestra was just booming out to a finale when a woman on the terrace called to Fred Ullman, the head waiter, and complained that it was uncomfortably warm. She moved her seat. A little puff of smoke was coming through the crack of the door. At the same moment Geller saw smoke curling through the wooden wall beside him. Through a little trapdoor he could see that a lot of property palms stored there for use in the ballroom were aflame.

Geller and Feldman got into the ballroom and found two patent fire extinguishers. Holding them behind their backs they got to the trapdoor, crawled in and began playing on the blaze.

"Small we turn in an alarm!" whispered Feldman.

"No, not if we can put it out!" said Geller. The two kept the extinguishers going, while from above came down bucket after bucket of water, poured by the waiters, working under the command of Ullman.

Just then the orchestra stopped. Geller, peeking out, saw the crowd applauding with hands and glasses. Only a few persons near by had noticed the smoke. The waiters were begging and commanding them to keep still.

Ullman rushed to the leader of the orchestra.

"For God's sake, play!" he whispered. "Aber, play what?" said the leader. "This number!"—and then over his shoulder he saw the curl of smoke.

"Give them 'Die Wacht am Rhein,'" said Ullman, "and give it to them hard!"

The orchestra swung into the song and brought the crowd to its feet. The waiters, catching the idea, began to sing. The song swept over the whole assemblage. No one saw what was going on in the corner.

But the danger was not past. Some of the waiters had unrolled the hose and were dragging it through the ballroom floor. Adolph Susskind, one of the proprietors, cautioned them to stoop as they entered, yet in spite of that a man on the terrace saw and understood. He ran to Susskind.

"Is the house on fire?" he asked. "Hans! any one turned in an alarm?"

"If you don't sit down," said Susskind, "I'll knock you down; and if you ring an alarm I'll kill you!" The man sat down.

By that time the fire was all out. The smoke had disappeared and the danger was over. Geller and Feldman crawled out into the light, drenched to the skin and smelling vilely of chemicals.

It is supposed that the match, dropped through the cracks of the terrace floor, started the blaze. Except for the property palms nothing was damaged except the clothes of Geller and Feldman.

The second fire came at 8 o'clock last night when the dining room was full of folks. A woman's scream rose above the buzz of talk and the clatter of silver and dishes. The orchestra, playing "Ain't it funny that a difference just a few hours make?" stopped.

The guests jumped up, looked toward the woman and saw smoke curling up through the dining room floor near the screamer's table.

A rush for the door began, in which men in evening dress were as frightened as women. Chairs were kicked over, tables knocked down, dishes smashed.

Policemen Tracy called the Fire Department and Battalion Chief Howe came on the jump. His men located the blaze in the laundry underneath the dining room. A big basket of washing had caught fire and then set fire to the ceiling. The loss was about \$1,000.

The diners got such a scare that many didn't return to finish their dinners or to pay their bills.

FALLS FROM BALLOON.

Aeronaut Loses His Life in an Ascent Over the St. Lawrence.

MONTREAL, July 17.—James Anthony Bennett, a well known aeronaut, lost his life by falling from his balloon into the St. Lawrence and being drowned on Saturday night. The ascension by Bennett was announced as part of the special programme for the celebration of the French colony at Riverside Park.

At the hour appointed, 5:30 o'clock, Bennett, in the presence of thousands of persons, made the ascent and the balloon drifted over the St. Lawrence toward the opposite shore. The spectators were terrified to see the aeronaut fall out of the balloon and disappear into the river.

Mrs. Bennett, the aeronaut's wife, saw the ascension and noticed her husband drop into the water before the balloon reached the shore, but as he had his life jacket on she had no fears until he did not make his appearance to-day. The aeronaut's body was found in some shallow water near Longueuil on the opposite side of the river.

Bennett was known all over the United States as an aeronaut. He was born in Bristol, England, and was 35 years old.

DROWNED AT RAINFORDS CAMP.

Member of the Cadet Battalion Taken With Camp in the Sound.

LOOMIS VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY?

Wound on His Head Now Believed to Indicate Murder.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. LONDON, July 17.—The indications are that J. Kent Loomis, the American who disappeared from the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II., and whose body was found yesterday morning near Kingsbridge, Devonshire, probably met with a violent death.

It is now believed that the wound on his head was sustained while he was alive. It is behind the right ear, and is about half the size of a silver dollar. The bone is smashed cleanly as though by a leaden slungshot. No medical examination has yet been made.

The officials at Kingsbridge are awaiting instructions from London and Washington. Mr. Loomis having been a brother of Assistant Secretary of State Loomis.

KAISER IS CZAR'S FRIEND.

Condoles With Him Over Every Reverse to Russian Arms.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. LONDON, July 17.—A despatch to the Standard from Kiev says that a high placed Russian official, who has just arrived there from St. Petersburg, describes the German Embassy as one of the busiest and most active bureaus in St. Petersburg. It is not closed night or day, and employs an extraordinary number of couriers. Telegrams are sent to Berlin in a constant stream.

The Czar and Kaiser are in almost continuous telegraphic communication. The Kaiser condoles with or congratulates the Czar immediately after every collision at the front. The German attaches with Gen. Kourapatkin's staff have special privileges in telegraphing to the Embassy at St. Petersburg.

The Kaiser is represented as having constituted himself a friend and sympathetic consoler of the Czar in the series of reverses that have befallen the Russian arms.

HUMANE KILLING OF CATTLE.

Chicago Inventor Has a Plan to Use an Anesthetic in Slaughter Houses.

CHICAGO, July 17.—While the packing industry is tied up Samuel Fox of this city has seized the opportunity to bring to the public notice a device for the painless killing of animals. Mr. Fox believes cattle, sheep and hogs should be placed under an anesthetic before being killed.

Mr. Fox's device consists of a pen into which the animal is driven and confined in small space by the working of an automatic floor and walls. The head of the animal protrudes. A rubber cap is thrown over it and nitrous oxide gas is turned on at a pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch.

In less than a minute, the inventor declares, the animal is overcome. Then it is swung up from the cage, and killing is effected by cutting the throat. Mr. Fox holds this method is as fast as the one now used. The packers, however, have not interested themselves in the invention, and Mr. Fox suggests to the humane societies that it might be well to compel the adoption of the anesthetic device by legislation.

TO FIGHT UNION LABOR.

650 Boston Employers Have United to Protect Themselves.

BOSTON, July 17.—Six hundred and fifty-five Boston employers, representing forty-eight different industries and having on their pay-roll thousands of employees, have perfected an organization for self-protection in connection with organized labor.

Three general meetings and nine committee meetings have been held and at the last general meeting yesterday the organization was perfected. The names of the officers and the members of the executive committee will not be made public before Aug. 1, at which time the executive committee will hold its meeting.

The objects of the new organization are to protect its members in conducting their business in such lawful manner as they may deem proper, to investigate and adjust, under certain conditions, any question arising between members and their respective employees, and to make it possible for any member to obtain employment without being obliged to join a labor organization.

RESCUED TOWER OPERATOR.

Men of Italians Besieged a Pennsylvania R. R. Man for Killing a Dog.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 17.—A force of detectives, rushed to the scene on a special train, to-night rescued Operator Henry Schotmann of the Pennsylvania Railroad from a mob of Italians who had attacked him in "KO" tower half a mile below Moan-aqua. Schotmann was taken to Nanticoke, where his injuries were dressed.

On Friday night Schotmann killed a dog belonging to an Italian. The man and his friends were angry about it, but no demonstration was made until to-day, when, fired with drink, a mob marched against the tower in time to catch Schotmann on his way to work at 6 o'clock.

Volleys of stones were fired and he was badly out and bruised, but managed to reach the tower before they caught him. While they lurked about the windows he telegraphed for help.

Trainmaster Newberry and a force of detectives hurried from this city on a special train and rescued him. To-morrow the leaders of the mob will be arrested.

FIGHT FOR SUNDAY TRAINS.

Asbury Park People Will Not Stand Idle While They Are Out Of.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 17.—Asbury Park opened the battle for a continuance of Sunday trains which the Camp Meeting Association says it will out off, at a meeting of the hotel proprietors and business men of the city held here to-night. A telegram demanding that the service be continued was sent to A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Rufus Blodgett, president of the New York and Long Branch Railroad; and C. M. Burt of the Jersey Central Railroad.

The meeting ordered a mass meeting to be called for Tuesday night of this week. At that time a further demand will be made upon the railroad officials that they stop Sunday trains at Asbury Park on pain of boycott, or, at least, legal proceedings.

A petition to the same purpose will be circulated in the city to-morrow and lawyers will be consulted as to the best legal steps to be taken.

ST. LOUIS IN SAFE, A DAY LATE

ACCIDENT STOPPED THE SHIP LESS THAN THREE HOURS.

Got to Quarantine at 10:40 o'clock Last Night and Will Be at Her Pier About 4 A. M.—Wireless News of Her Mishap Had Come to Port the Day Before.

The American liner St. Louis, disabled in midocean by the breaking of her starboard engine, arrived last night from Southampton and Cherbourg, somewhat more than a day behind her summer schedule.

She was sighted east of Fire Island, going at about fifteen knots, at 5:33 P. M. At 6:30 she passed in the Hook and at 10:40 she anchored in Quarantine. She will be at her pier about 7 o'clock this morning.

According to the St. Louis's purser the accident was due to the carrying away of a nut. The ship stopped less than three hours, and while the high and low after starboard cylinders were being cut out she proceeded under her port engine at about fourteen knots. There was no explosion, and no excitement followed the mishap.

Among the St. Louis's passengers are: Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young, Daniel Frohman, John Lee Carroll, Mrs. Hamilton McLean, Mrs. Newbold Morris, Miss Hilfer, Mrs. and Mr. Henry Seligman and Miss Brice.

Day's runs of the St. Louis were as follows: 388, 481.9, 458.3, 178 (Tuesday, day of the mishap); 358.3, 388.6, 395.6, 301 and 143.8.

The St. Louis's mishap had been reported by the Cunarder Etruria, in on Saturday night from Liverpool, and the Cunarder Umbria, which arrived at Queensboro from this port on Saturday morning. The St. Louis and the Etruria have the Marconi wireless equipment, and the American ship told about her trouble before she was in sight of the Cunarder.

The log of the Etruria shows that the St. Louis was lying to, showing three black balls forward to warn craft to keep out of her way and that there was a fresh north-westerly breeze and a moderate sea, some 10 to 15 knots. The St. Louis declined assistance, saying by wireless that she expected to effect repairs in twenty-four to thirty hours and proceed.

The engines of the St. Louis are not like those of most of the fast liners. Her high pressure cylinders are superposed on the low pressures, and the two intermediate cylinders are between the forward and after high and low pressures. Steam enters each set through the forward and first, or forward intermediate cylinder, thence into the after, or second intermediate, thence to the after low pressure and to the forward low pressure and finally into the condensers.

Each set of engines operates four cranks. The after high and low runs the after crank, the forward high and low the forward crank and each of the intervening intermediate cranks. After the after high and low pressures of the starboard engine were disabled they were out and their connecting rod detached from the crank shaft. Thus the engine was run by steam entering the forward high pressure, passing thence through the two intermediate and into the forward low pressure.

TWO BROTHERS DROWNED.

They Go Down in Sight of Their Two Other Brothers.

Dr. Victor Steinberger, 39 years old, of 360 East Eighty-fourth street, Manhattan, and his brother Max, 39 years old, of the same address, were drowned in Jamaica Bay, yesterday, while swimming. Their two brothers, Morris and Louis, tried to save them, but were exhausted and nearly lost their lives.

The four brothers with two friends went to Canarsie early in the morning and hired a rowboat. After rowing for some time, Victor and Max went in swimming near the breakwater between Rockaway Inlet and the Canarsie shore. They soon found that they were being carried out by the tide. They were some distance apart and they made desperate efforts to reach each other. When they came together they clasped each other and sank.

The two brothers in the rowboat had witnessed the struggle and swam out to save Victor and Max. They became exhausted and had to start back. Louis would have sunk had not his brother Morris kept him up till help came. The two friends in the boat couldn't swim. They rowed to the rescue of Morris and Louis.

At a late hour last night neither of the bodies had been recovered. The two surviving